

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE LOWER DECK AS HOSTS OF LORD BEATTY AND OTHER ADMIRALS: THE SCENE IN PORTSMOUTH TOWN HALL.

The Chief Petty Officers, Petty Officers, Leading Seamen, and Able Seamen, and corresponding ratings of all other branches of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines of the Portsmouth Port Division, gave a Peace Dinner, on September 22, at which Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty was the chief guest. Never was the unity of the Navy better demonstrated, and this was made even more evident by the seating arrangements. Lord Beatty, for example, was on the right of a Chief Writer and had a Petty Officer on his

right; while Dr. Macnamara was between a Chief Writer and a Chief Stoker. In the photograph Lord Beatty is seen standing, with Chief Writer Lane on his left. Dr. Macnamara is on Chief Writer Lane's left. At the top right corner of the centre table is Boy T. H. Taylor, who responded to the toast of "The Boys." Next to him is Lieut.-Commander Norman Holbrook, V.C. Facing Taylor is another V.C., Sergt. Norman Finch; and next but one to Finch is Petty Officer Ernest Pitcher, V.C.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE gentleman whose name seems to be utterly extinguished under the rather mysterious title of Pussyfoot appears to have been making some interesting remarks. It is due to the victim of this metaphor to say that they show rather the claws of candour than the velvet glove of cunning. He is reported as saying that he does not care what men want, because they are too weak to know what is good for them. He seems to accept the obvious deduction that all freedom

observation—that men's wishes do not matter, since they are the wishes of men too weak to know what is good. Now there is only one little logical flaw in this lucid argument; which seems for some reason to be always missed by those who advance it. Let it be granted, as the first part of the syllogism, that all men are weak. It must also be granted, as a second step, that all American prohibitionists are men. And the final deduction of this syllogism is so startling, and even shocking,

that I almost hesitate in having to write it down. Many, however, will draw the deduction without the least delicacy, and certainly without the least difficulty. It is that American prohibitionists are weak; some will probably say weak in the head; I will confine myself to saying weak in their arguments. And the weakest of all their arguments is this primary one about weakness. If men cannot know what is good for them, obviously teetotal men cannot

of live men and women of the poorer classes, and classing them as "well equipped" and "badly equipped," and so on. They are classified according to their answers in a sort of examination-paper, about their æsthetic tastes, their knowledge of parliamentary politics, and many other things. I have a strong social objection to people who happen to be poor being thus examined. But my first logical objection is simply that we cannot examine the examiners. We cannot tell how or why they selected their questions; for what reason and in what spirit. They may themselves have been very badly equipped touching certain very important things; such as appreciation of humour and experience of human nature. It does not seem to have occurred to them, for instance, that when a workman indicated that his expenditure on amusements could be summed up in the word "Beer," he may have thought the monosyllable convenient for cutting short the conversation. It did not strike them that when he said he would employ his leisure in smoking, he may have chiefly desired to avoid spending it in answering the psychological question of a total stranger. Nor is it impossible that those who brightened the examiners round, with their taste for Botticelli or the London School of Economics, may have been indulging in irony of a more luxuriant sort. Also there may be a great many questions which the working people could answer, and the examiners could not answer; and therefore could not ask. But [if they and I, and the examiners and the examined, were suddenly put in a new relation to new realities, I think some of us would be surprised. If we were all, for instance, suddenly transported to a desert island, I doubt if all the examiners would be so well equipped as they think, or all the examined so badly equipped as they think them. I fancy we should find there is a rule of thumb, and a way of doing things, which is not entirely covered by the culture of the middle classes. I fancy that even the men who make



AT ARCHANGEL: BRITISH GUN-BOATS AND WAR-VESSELS.

The photograph shows some of our gun-boats and war-vessels lying off Archangel. "Our gun-boats and monitors lie in the river, our seaplanes fly over the town periodically, giving our forces full confidence in Britain's power and protection."

and citizenship are in their nature nonsense; and that if America is a democracy, it must be also an absurdity. For he is also reported as saying that there is no such thing as personal liberty, except in a wilderness. It would be far truer to say that there is no such thing as personal liberty except in a high civilisation. But in any case, the image he selects is a very unlucky one for the cause he supports. By suggesting that liberty can only live in the wilderness, he only manages to remind us that his own type of tyranny did come, and could only come, out of the wilderness. The tyranny of teetotalism originally arose because men cannot drink wine in the desert. Wild and wandering tribes out of the wilderness of Arabia tried to impose their own more or less necessary negations upon happier tribes sitting under their own vine and fig tree. And I will add, with all respect, that these vetoes have only reappeared in lands recently reclaimed from the wilderness; such as America and our own colonies. For America really has an excuse for prohibition which Europe has not. The prohibitionist will find something entirely different in England, and still more in Europe. But I did not refer to him for the purpose of raising the particular discussion about drink, which he naturally denounces; but the general question of liberty, which he denounces much more decisively. And I repeat that it is due to him to say that his denial of liberty has all the American virtues of simplicity and sincerity. It is something to get a man to say, in so many words, that freedom is nonsense and that men must not have what they want. A great many muddle-headed people mean that; but they have not the moral courage to say that. In this sense America is justified of all her children. He displays some of the advantages of being a democrat in his effort to destroy democracy. It is this which interests me; as expressed in his other alleged

know that teetotalism is good for them. But the fallacy is found in connection with many other things besides teetotalism, and in problems quite apart from the problem of drink. Thus many of the Eugenists practically propose that all marriages should be over-seen and controlled. They have elaborate plans, sometimes worked out in considerable detail, and containing everything except a list of the names of the men who are to oversee and control. In this matter they are very lucid about the way in which human beings should be directed. Where they are, perhaps, a little vaguer is about the superhuman beings who are to direct them. If they accept an aristocracy of inspired match-makers, we shall naturally want to know who they are, and why. If they do not admit aristocracy, and make any pretence of democracy, then they have tied themselves in a most horrible knot. All men must be so stupid that they cannot manage their own affairs; and also so clever that they can manage each other's!

For instance, I have recently seen a compilation by some social settlement, cataloguing all kinds



PREPARED BY THE RUSSIAN AUTHORITIES, AIDED BY THE BRITISH:  
A CAMP FOR BOLSHEVIST PRISONERS, ARCHANGEL.

The camp is well fitted up, and close to it is a complete bathhouse and disinfection establishment which deals with four hundred prisoners a day.

the chairs we sit on, and drive the cabs we ride in, and build the houses in which we live, might be found to know a thing or two which was not included in the examination paper. And I doubt if we could get the right examiners for such a purpose, until the subtlety of the soul is very much simplified; and until it is possible to write an examination paper in humour and humility



# SCRAPS OF HISTORY: NEWS ITEMS FROM NEAR AND FAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LONDON NEWS AGENCY, AND CENTRAL NEWS.



THE FIRST ANTI-PROFITEERING TRIBUNAL TO SIT: BERMONDSEY'S COMMITTEE AT THE TOWN HALL.



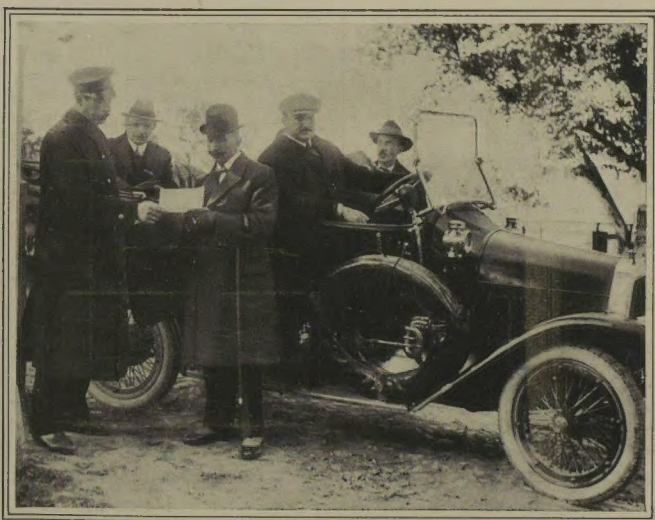
WITH LOYAL "BOARD" MUCH IN EVIDENCE: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ROYAL MONTREAL GOLF CLUB.



CONTAINING THE EX-KAISER'S FURNITURE: VANS ARRIVING AT AMERONGEN FROM BERLIN.



UNLOADING THE EX-KAISER'S "HOUSEHOLD GODS": ONE OF THE VANS BEING UNPACKED.



AN EX-BRITISH M.P. WHO WAS ALSO A GERMAN AGENT: TREBICH LINCOLN AT AMERONGEN.



SEATED AT THE TABLE AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE IN PARIS THE BULGARIAN DELEGATES.

The photographs reproduced above illustrate interesting items of news from near and far. The Metropolitan Borough of Bermondsey was the first local Tribunal to hold a sitting under the Profiteering Act.—Whilst in Montreal the Prince of Wales played a little golf, and found the course decorated with a large board inscribed "God bless the Prince

of Wales"!—The ex-Kaiser's furniture has been removed from Berlin to the Castle which he has taken at Amerongen.—Trelich Lincoln, the ex-British M.P., and German agent, who was released from a British prison a few weeks ago and deported to Germany, has been to Amerongen to try to see the ex-Kaiser. The photograph shows him arriving



## SCENE OF AN ARAB ATTACK: HODEIDA—THE CHIEF PORT OF THE IMAMATE OF YEMEN UNDER BRITISH OCCUPATION.



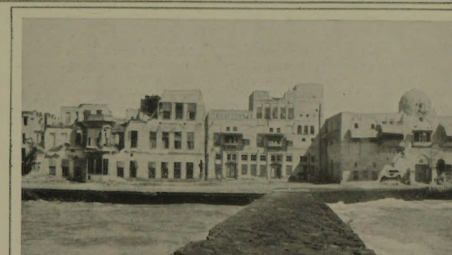
AFTER THE CAPTURE OF THE PORT: TEWFIK PASHA RIDING IN TO SURRENDER, AT HODEIDA.



AFTER THEY HAD SAILED FROM THE COCOS KEELING ISLANDS: BOATS OF THE "EMDEN" AT HODEIDA BREAKWATER.



USED AT THE NIGHT LANDING AT HODEIDA: ONE OF THE BRITISH FORCE'S BOATS.



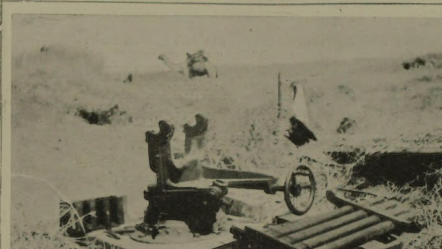
RECENTLY ATTACKED BY ARABS: HODEIDA, CHIEF PORT OF THE IMAMATE OF YEMEN, FROM THE SEA-FRONT



ESCORTING INDIAN INTERNÉS SENT IN TO HODEIDA: A YEMEN SHEIKH.



IN BRITISH OCCUPATION: THE TURKISH NAVAL SIGNAL STATION AT HODEIDA.



CAPTURED AND DISMANTLED ON THE SURRENDER OF THE PORT: A NORDENFELDT GUN.



TYPICAL OF THE ARABS WHO ATTACKED HODEIDA RECENTLY: A YEMEN SHEIKH.



FRIGHTENED, BY OUR NAVAL GUNS: ARABS WHO CAME IN WITH A WHITE FLAG, TO SURRENDER.



AFTER THE TAKING OF THE PORT: FAMILIES WAITING



TURKISH OFFICERS AND MEN AND TO EMBARK.



GUARDED BY INDIAN TROOPS: THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST LETTER FROM THE TURKS, THEN IN SANA.

It was announced the other day that hostile Arabs had captured a British Mission despatched to the Imam of Yemen, but had done them no bodily harm. At the same time, it was said: "The chief port of the Imamate of Yemen (Hodeida) which is garrisoned by Indian troops, was recently attacked by Arabs. No further news has been received of the fighting at Hodeida, but the reinforcements which were sent immediately must by now have reached the port and should have made everything secure." A correspondent writes to us, while sending the photographs reproduced above: "The Turkish troops in the Yemen, in South-West Arabia, did not surrender at once, in accordance with the terms of the Armistice, alleging that they had received no order to do so from Constantinople. It is true that for three years they had been cut off from all communication with Turkey. In December 1918, a small force was sent to Hodeida, the

principal Yemen town on the coast, to evacuate the Turks and recover Allied prisoners of war and internés. The Commandant of the Turkish force was summoned to surrender the town according to the terms of the Armistice. He refused; so, at night, a landing was made up the coast, and on December 14 the town of Hodeida was captured by a regiment of Indian Grenadiers. Several prisoners were taken and five Nordenfeldt guns. The Turks up country still refused to surrender, but finally did so on arrival of a Turkish envoy from Constantinople. Hodeida is surrounded by Arab tribesmen, some of whom were friendly and some wavering or 'sitting on the fence.' Recently some tribesmen attacked the British force which had remained after the evacuation of the Turks, pending the decision of the Peace Conference as to the final disposal of the Yemen. The tribesmen were driven off with loss."



## Sir Oliver Lodge on Atomic Energy.

THE appearance of a substance is no guarantee of its innocuous character, nor any indication of the store of energy which may be locked up under a quiet semblance. Cordite is a harmless-looking material, about as dangerous as macaroni, but if you cut off a sample and apply a spark or other suitable stimulus to it, the violence of its behaviour proves that its innocent appearance was deceptive.

To look at a piece of metal or a few grains of salt one would think that it was quiescence itself, and yet certain recently discovered phenomena, unsuspected by the human race through all the centuries till the present era, have let us of this generation into the secret of a prodigious store of energy possessed by very ordinary atoms of matter, energy far greater than that belonging to any explosive.

Radioactivity—it is which has given the secret away—spontaneous radioactivity,—and we have thereby learnt that restrained and latent within the atom are forces of the utmost violence, and that it possesses intrinsically a means of generating speeds such as were previously undreamt of. The indications thus displayed may be compared to the evidence supplied by the occurrence of volcanoes and hot springs and strong tremors, which here and there display the existence of a store of energy latent in the apparently stable crust of the earth.

We have now learnt that from nearly all atoms of matter it is possible sometimes to get particles flung off with prodigious speed. To get this emission from most substances requires the application of certain stimuli—heat for instance or light or electricity; but other substances there are, containing atoms of a more complex nature, which are spontaneously unstable, and which fling away not only light particles, such as electrons, but actual portions of themselves, actual atoms of matter. These atomic projectiles usually, perhaps always, consist of helium, a substance which was not known at all till quite recent times, and which was discovered first in the sun by Lockyer and then in the hot springs of Bath by Ramsay. The atoms of helium which are spontaneously flung away, every now and then, by an atom of radium leave the substance with a speed which in a vacuum would carry them from London to New York in a quarter of a second—the time taken by a stone to fall one foot, or the time taken by sound to travel a hundred yards.

It is true that only occasionally is such a projectile fired off by any one radium atom; the period of quiescence preceding an eruption may be a year or a century, or even as much as a thousand years, for a given radium atom; though when it does explode it fires five of these violent shots before settling down to rest. But the number of atoms is so enormous in any visible speck of matter that a milligramme of radium (1-70th grain) is able to fire off thirty million projectiles per second, from its whole army. And each of these projectiles has an energy, weight for weight, a million times that of a bullet. Only because atoms are excessively small does the aggregate power of a speck of radium fail to be alarming; and, even as it is, the amount of energy which is evolved at the expense of a very small diminution of substance is astonishing. It should not be supposed however that radium is unique in this respect: many other complex atoms possess the same faculty, but it so happens that of all the radio-active substances radium is the one that has attracted most popular attention and on the whole has been rather specially studied by investigators.

Physicists now think it likely that all atoms have the power of radioactivity latent in their constitution, if they were suitably stimulated; but we also realise that most of them are not self-stimulating to any perceptible extent, and accordingly are not spontaneously radioactive: they preserve the secret of their store of internal and constitutional energy. Yet the power thus locked up is enormous, vastly more than can be obtained from any kind of combustion. A hundred tons of coal, in burning, gives off less energy than is secreted in an inaccessible form by a single ounce of apparently inert material solely by reason of its atomic construction.

What the cause may be of this portentous store of energy is a subject open to discussion. Some consider

mathematical and experimental means—no one can doubt that the energy is *there*.

But if it is inaccessible, what is the use of it? Well, the question is, need it always be inaccessible?

The power of wind and water could always be employed, but the power latent in coal needed the genius of Watt to bring it into use for turning machinery. Even a prehistoric man might let the wind propel a boat or a stream drive a mill, but no early man—perhaps not even such a genius as Archimedes—could see much connexion between a lump of coal or a bottle of oil and a revolving fly-wheel.

Latent molecular or chemical energy has long become accessible; and electricity and magnetism have also blossomed into realised existence out of an Ether unsuspected by the ancients. Is it to be supposed that there can be no fresh invention, and that all the great discoveries have been made?

Not so; and even now we are in the childishly early stages of directing and employing a minute trace of atomic energy. The spontaneous projectiles of radium are used for therapeutic purposes. The stimulated electric projectiles from a hot filament show themselves so readily guided and tractable as to be employed for the transmission and reception of wireless telegraphy and even of human articulate speech.

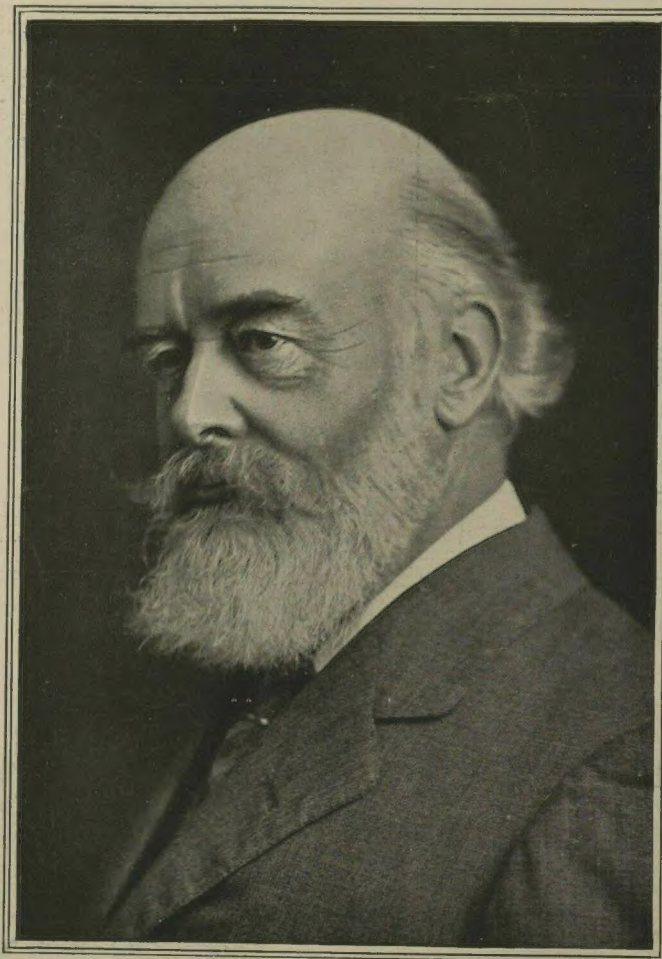
By their aid it has already begun to be possible to talk with the mouth on one side of the Atlantic and to hear with the ear on the other side!

A truly marvellous achievement, and one that would hardly have been possible—certainly not possible with the present growing ease and certainty—had it not been for the intense velocity with which innumerable docile electric particles are flung away into a vacuum by perturbed atoms of matter. How they are guided to produce the result is a long story: not one to be entered on now. Suffice it to say that the atomic energy thus utilised is only an infra-minute fraction of the whole, at present. But everything must have a beginning, and now that we are beginning to get an inkling of the facts of atomic constitution—facts which are the outcome of researches in pure science—it is only a question of time before we may hope to reap the fruits of practical application.

Conscious utilisation by the human race, on any extensive scale, may take some time, and may need much further discovery; but there is a probability that vegetation has been using something of the kind all along. Sunlight liberates electrons from green leaves; and what may be the vivifying influence on the sap of this photo-electric discharge it may require much further experience—among other the experience of electric agriculture and the electrification of crops—gradually to bring to our ken.

Furthermore there is more than a bare possibility that, all-unconsciously, the human race may have been utilising a little atomic energy all the time, and that the sense of vision may be due to a photo-electric action of light. For we may safely assume that light is capable not only of affecting the chemicals on properly prepared plates, but also of stimulating suitably prepared filaments of the optic nerve by the discharge of electric projectiles from materials in the retina possessing atoms attuned in their electronic orbits to the frequencies of red green and violet light.

OLIVER LODGE.



SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S., D.Sc.

Photograph by Russell.

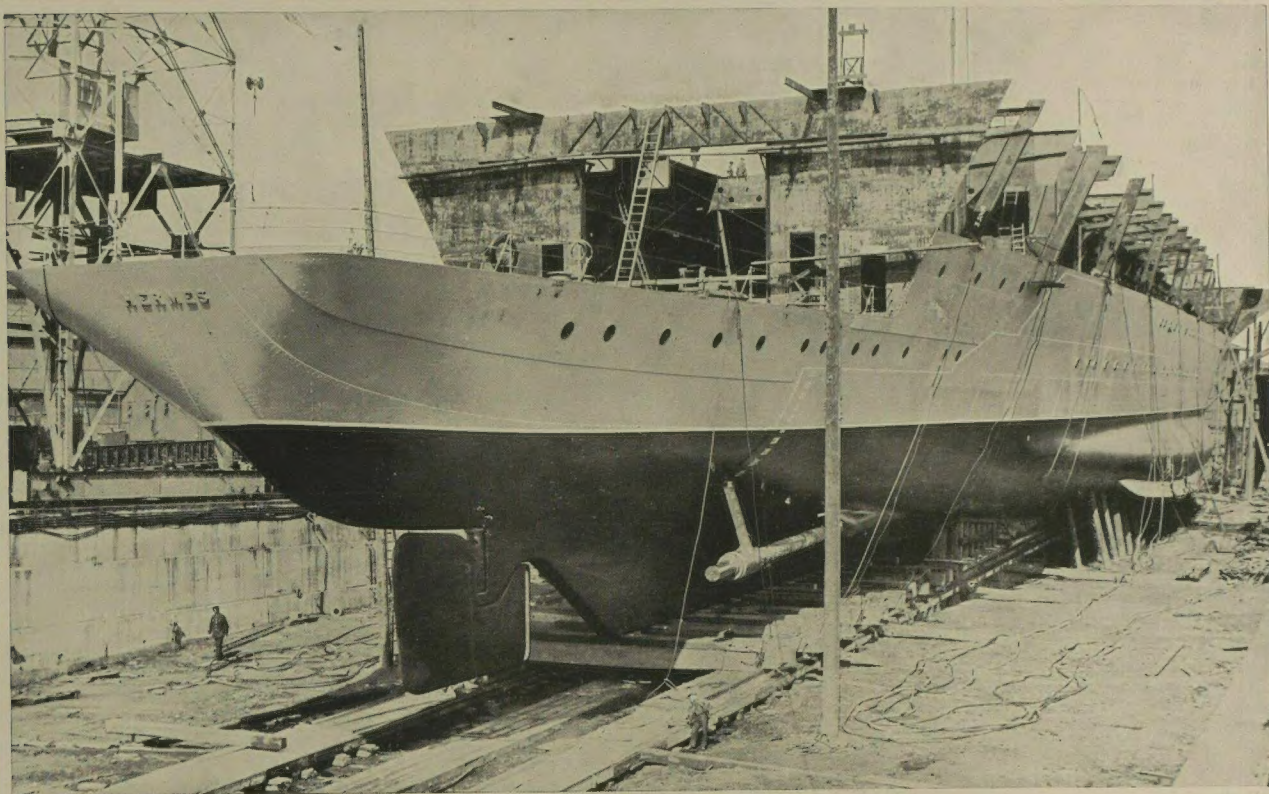
the energy static or potential in its nature, and liken it to the energy of gun-cotton. Others consider the energy kinetic, and liken it to the revolving energy of planets. The latter is the more illuminative, and in the judgment of most physicists the more likely, view; for it is confirmed in remarkable fashion by the evidence of the spectroscope—evidence which is too difficult and technical to be readily expounded just yet. Assuming this theory however, it would appear likely that the electric particles which fly off at such tremendous speeds do so because they are already endowed with speeds of this magnitude; the cause of the catastrophe is only that the orbit in which they have been long revolving has become perturbed, by collision or otherwise; and the result of this perturbation is that they then fly off at a tangent with a cometary instead of a planetary kind of movement.

Whatever the precise explanation may be—and it ought to be known that an immense accumulation of knowledge has been gained on the subject by both



## THE FIRST: A SHIP BUILT AS A BRITISH SEAPLANE-CARRIER.

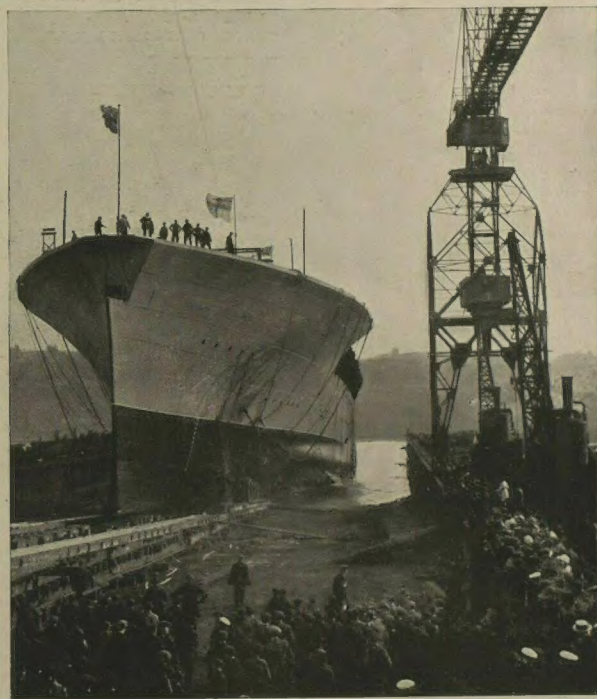
PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY S. AND G.; THE OTHERS BY SIR W. G. ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH AND CO.



REPLACING THE ADAPTED SHIP: H.M.S. "HERMES," SPECIALLY BUILT FOR SEAPLANE-CARRYING—BEFORE LAUNCHING.



SHOWING BAND, CHOIR, AND CHRISTENING PARTY BY THE BOWS:  
AT THE LAUNCH.



TAKING THE WATER: THE SEAPLANE-CARRYING SHIP "HERMES"  
LAUNCHED SUCCESSFULLY.

A seaplane-carrier, the first of her class, was successfully launched from the naval yard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., the other day, and was named H.M.S. "Hermes." The christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. William Cooper, daughter of the Rt. Hon. Walter Long, the First Lord of the Admiralty. During the war, several ships were adapted for the purpose of seaplane-carrying, but the "Hermes" is the

first of the class to be specially built. Her keel was laid in January 1918. Her length over all is 558 ft. 6 in.; her displacement about 10,400 tons. The propelling machinery consists of twin-screw geared turbines capable of developing 40,000 shaft horse power, and her speed will be 25 knots. The principal armament will consist of ten 6-in. guns, and four 4-in. high-angle guns; while her complement will be about 670 officers and men.



THE LONDON TRAFFIC PROBLEM: THE GATTIE SYSTEM AS A SPEEDER-UP OF GOODS DELIVERY.

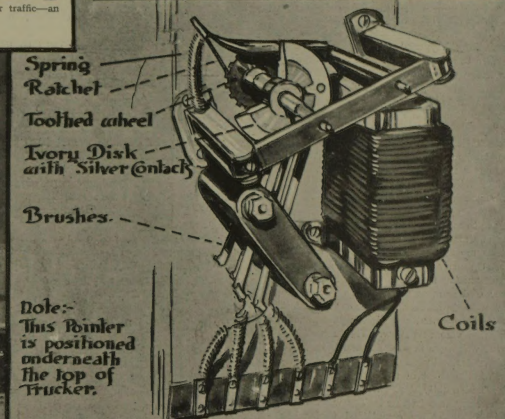
DRAWN BY WILLIAM C. BOSWELL.

DIAGRAM indicating course  
of package from Container to  
Floor above.

**T**HE Board of Tradequiry into the Gattie Transport System was recommenced on Tuesday, the 23rd, after an adjournment from the previous Wednesday. Various witnesses testified to the delay in handling goods under the present system. Roughly, Mr. Gattie's plan, as outlined by himself, is "a combination of inventions in a big central yard, where goods, packed in great standard containers, will be lifted out of the trucks by machinery, swiftly sorted out and transferred to the right lines." He asserts that it would save £54,000,000 a year; do the work at one spot of the present 74 goods stations in London; replace with 500 motor-lorries the 100,000 vans and

carts now in use; and solve the London traffic problem." The Central Station required would be about as large as Lord's Cricket Ground. The scheme, which is practically the application of the system of the banking clearing house to the transport of goods, allows for the elimination of all goods shunting work in London and districts. "The system now in vogue," says Mr. Gattie, "amounts to the sorting-out of 12,000 wagons a day, a process extremely dangerous in foggy weather." The roof of the proposed Central Clearing House would be used for air traffic—an interesting example of the art of looking ahead!

## the BRAIN of the SYSTEM Directional Pointer on Trucker



Container  
arriving for  
sorting

Direction of movement 3 miles per hour.

Castor      Rollers      Locking pin

Tray with package  
which, having been  
unable to find an  
empty Trucker to  
transfer to, will try  
at other end of  
Bay

Tray transferring  
Gear.

Transferred Tray  
on main alley way  
moving to other  
part of Clearing  
House

Tray and packages  
in act of transferring  
to Trucker on Main  
Alleyway.

Electric Brush on Trucker, providing contact with Indicator Board connections.

Direction of movement on Main Alleyway  
6 miles per hour.

Miss C. Deane 176

"TRUCKERS" WHICH SORT GOODS AUTOMATICALLY AND CARRY THEM TO SECTIONS

Our drawings show the "Trucker" system of the Gattie Transport Scheme. They may be described very briefly as follows: A container holding numerous packages arrives at the Central Clearing House, for the sorting and despatch of the packages to various destinations (see illustration in the centre at top). After examination, each package is forwarded by the simple manipulation of an electric keyboard, via the Gattie "Trucker" system, to its proper despatch-point situated on the same level, or, by means of escalators, to floors above or below (see

RESERVED FOR PARTICULAR DISTRICTS: THE GATTIE TRANSPORT SYSTEM IN OPERATION.

first illustration at top). Each "trucker" is fitted with two electrical controllers which are set to ensure that the goods are ejected when they reach their predetermined departure-section (see third illustration at top). The lower illustration shows a junction, where goods, passing from right to left of the picture, are automatically passed on one "trucker" to the other during the journey from the sorting-bay to their correct destination. An article dealing with the subject more fully will be found on page 468 of this issue.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## MATTERS OF INTEREST.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE OF BOLSHEVISM.

(See Drawings in this Issue.)

**B**OLSHEVISM has its moments of relief. Mr. Arthur Bridge, whose drawings appear on other pages, gave me a humorous account of his two years under Soviet rule. He was on a sketching tour with his wife and child when the Revolution was proclaimed in the town of Elets. Somewhat apprehensive, he waited results; but nothing happened for a week, when a Commissary called to inquire his political views. Being satisfied that Bridge was not a Tsarist in disguise, the Commissary intimated that, like all good citizens, the artist must join a trade union.

"With pleasure," said the Englishman. "What shall I join?"

At the moment it seemed that the organisation of art was incomplete, and the Union of House-Painters and Decorators was the only available society. This trifling formality adjusted, the next proceeding was Bridge's registration as a cultivator of the land.

"This seemed to me quite all right," said the artist; "and when the Commissary told me I was to pick beans I went to my allotted place quite cheerily, my wife with me. On arriving at the bean-field I found an artist friend, an Austrian ex-officer whom the Bolsheviks had released from an internment camp. Like myself, he was a food-producer. He remarked that it was very hot, and suggested we should pay a visit to the Commissary, whom he knew. The Commissary decided that art was more important than beans, and brought out cigarettes and vodka. We had an interesting discussion on the effect of revolution on creative impulse, and I had a jolly day. When I got home, however, I found my wife in tears. The women had not been sympathetic. They complained that while we argued they had been obliged to work. I fear women do not appreciate the importance of discussion on art."

Despite the bean-picking industry, as winter approached food became very scarce, and frequently the artist and his friends had to go hungry. On State holidays, however, at certain restaurants a communal dinner was supplied of thick soup and potatoes. Not only the food, but the bowls were communal, there being but one spoon and one basin to four persons. Artists, beggars, soldiers, members of the *Intelligenzia*, and ex-aristocrats all sat together. Soap being a rarity and of great price, Communism became at times a little overpowering.

Clothing grew more and more difficult to obtain, and boots could not be replaced for love or money. In spite of hardships, however, social life at Elets was very varied. It was arranged to hold a fête on the anniversary of the Bolshevik régime, and Mr. Bridge was commissioned to design the triumphal arches. He was delighted with the commission, not alone from the artistic point of view, for the local Soviet promised him a fee of 300 roubles. Ultimately the poor man received nine and a number of communal dinners! The arches, however, were a great success.

Shortly after the fête it was decided to open an exhibition of pictures, and a Hanging Committee was duly elected by the votes of the entire community, with Mr. Bridge at the head of the poll. A suitable hall was lent by the Soviet, and, there being plenty of local talent, the Hanging Committee got quickly to work. The proceedings went quite smoothly until an excitable genius arrived in a motor-lorry, bringing 350 of his paintings with him. These he unpacked with eloquent gestures, and was with difficulty persuaded to wait for the decision of Mr. Bridge and his *confères*. They were undeniably clever paintings; but the Committee agreed that, there being only room for 500 pictures, they could not accept more than fifty of his works. The genius was cut to the heart. He demanded in the name of the Revolution that all his pictures should be taken, and threatened to denounce the Committee if they refused. The other members weakened, but Bridge was firm. He insisted that they had been elected by the people, and that until the people deposed them they were empowered to hang or not to hang. On this the genius beat his head upon the floor, accused Bridge of personal hatred, and finally, fetching back the motor-lorry, took his pictures away. An hour later, the rest of the exhibitors arrived, and one and all reclaimed their works of art, declaring that the Hanging Committee were counter-revolutionaries hating liberty.

Mr. Bridge concluded that the genius was his enemy for life; but the Russian temperament has no room for persistent anger, and some three days after, the genius arrived in the Englishman's garden, and, weeping bitterly, said he could not sleep at nights if Bridge were not his friend. He insisted that he loved him as a brother, and implored him to accept a sack of frozen potatoes—a really valuable offering—as a proof of his regard. Mr. Bridge sternly refused the gift, but the genius returned again and yet again, so woebegone and abject in his grief that finally the potatoes were accepted and peace was restored.

There were times when the town was in a state of upheaval. Plots and counter-plots were discovered; men summarily put to death. On one occasion three muskets were discovered in the backyard of an ex-General—an aged and enfeebled man, whom the populace denounced as an enemy. He had committed an offence against the law forbidding the secret possession of firearms, and was accordingly knouted through the town. "It wasn't a nice sight," said Bridge; "but it wasn't so much the shrieks of the old man and the dripping blood that gave me the grue—he had broken the law, anyway—but, if you will believe me, all the time they were beating him tears were running down their faces in an ecstasy of sentimentalism!"

Towards the end of his stay in Elets life got very difficult for the artist and his family. People were dying of starvation. Men's nerves were torn to pieces by privation, and acts of violence grew more general. Bridge was anxious to get back to Poland, but he was at an end of his resources, and all postal communication was suspended. The discovery of a roll of chintz packed away in a garret ultimately solved the difficulty. To the chintz was added some of Mrs. Bridge's dresses, a great-coat of her husband's, and a pair of boots extremely dilapidated. In ordinary times the whole lot would have fetched a few shillings, but such was the value of raiment and the worthlessness of money that the local wardrobe dealer, a Jewish lady of prolonged experience, took them over at a price sufficient to purchase tickets to Warsaw. And, after many adventures, Mr. Bridge and his family arrived home.

MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON.

## THE GOODS CLEARING HOUSE: THE GATTIE SYSTEM EXPLAINED.

(See Drawings on Pages 466-467.)

**H**OW do we now get our goods—if at all? A steamer brings them to a British port, let us say. With much waste of time, the ship is berthed in a dock. Here it is laboriously unloaded, largely by hand labour assisted by clumsy and obsolete cranes. On the quay, or in a shed, the goods rest (and rot) till they can be slowly put into little old-fashioned railway trucks. These are made up into a train and hauled to London by a locomotive—the one stage of the journey which is comparatively quick and cheap.

Arrived at a main goods station, the trucks are "shunted" and "marshalled"—that is, they are uncoupled and banded about over long stretches of rails to reach a position a few yards off. Formed into new trains, they are hauled to another of the seventy-four goods stations that sprawl over London. There are 700 such trains in a day. Then the banging about sidings is resumed, till the trucks are ranged (after enormous delays) along one side of a platform, and the contents transferred to a row of carts and vans on the other side by an army of porters with small hand-trucks. The carts go off, often only partly laden, to stroll about London at rates of from two miles an hour upwards—the slowest vehicles setting the pace for street traffic; after long waits, they return empty. That is the present system; and if it was not a familiar fact, we should think it an incredible nightmare.

What would happen under Mr. Gattie's scheme? The ship comes to a deep-water wharf, and is unloaded by a series of small electric cranes, travelling along a gantry that overhangs the hatchway. As each small crane lifts its load another follows it, and each deposits its burden in a lighter, or a railway truck, or on a lorry, or on a belt of "trucks" that takes it to the precise point where it has to be delivered.

This "trucker" is the unit of Mr. Gattie's machinery. By itself it looks like a railway trolley with a flat top. On this top work two rollers set diagonally, and under the top is the machinery. A load is placed on a steel tray, which slides along an alley-way till it comes to a sort of table with a flat top like that of a "trucker," having two rollers at right angles to the rollers of the trucker. The endless belt of truckers runs on rails in a sunken pathway, which makes the belt look like a moving footpath. When the tray with its load gets on the table it waits till an unoccupied trucker passes it. Then the rollers on the table and the trucker begin to revolve, so that the rollers on the table move the tray on to the trucker and in the direction in which the trucker is going, and the rollers on the trucker draw the tray on to the trucker and move it in the opposite direction to the trucker's movement. Thus the tray is rolled from the table to the moving trucker without any jar; and the rollers are magnetised during the process, so that, while the tray moves freely on the rollers, it cannot be lifted off them. A brimming glass of water can be transferred by this method, and not a drop will be spilt. The trucker will carry the tray and its load, and slide it off at a point fixed by pressing numbered buttons on a desk; or, if it does not go so far itself, it will transfer to another trucker on a larger and faster belt, which will deliver the load to another smaller belt, to be slid off at the precise point wanted.

The goods, let us suppose, are put into railway wagons—or rather, into "containers" of standard size which fit into the railway wagons. The train arrives at the one great Goods Clearing House which replaces the seventy-four goods stations of London. It is hauled by an electric locomotive along one of the tubes which connect the Clearing House with all the railways to London. It stops on one of the lines running below the ground-floor of the Clearing House, lengthwise. A travelling electric crane is over each wagon, and lifts the container and its load off. Where is it to go? Perhaps the entire container-load is to travel to one place. It is let down an opening between the railway lines to a lower floor, the "crypt," where it is put on a belt of large truckers and automatically sent to a particular point of that floor. Here it may wait a short time or may be hoisted up to the railway level and deposited in a truck of another waiting train. Or, if the whole load is to go by road, it is hoisted one floor higher to one of the roads that run across the building at right angles to the railway lines. There the right lorry is waiting for it. Or again, the container may be filled with packages for various destinations.

Then it goes up to a sorting floor above—there are two for large packages and two for small, each with its smaller and slower belts of truckers going round sections of the floor, and the big faster belt travelling round the whole floor—and an escalator belt linking the two floors. A container comes up with goods from Glasgow; one package in it is for Southampton. An operator in the Glasgow section takes the package out by hand, or by an electric crane, and puts it on a steel tray. When this reaches the despatching point, he presses buttons giving the number of the Southampton section. No hand touches the load, till the faithful truckers slide it off in the Southampton section, to be placed in a container with other packages for the same place and lowered on to a Southampton train. And all the time bales and boxes and parcels are travelling thus by hundreds from one point to another, and the operators stand in their sections and press buttons. The Clearing House is a big building—the biggest in London; but it covers far less ground than many of the seventy-four goods stations that were, and might again be, free areas for streets and parks. It does all their work in a small fraction of the time, at a small fraction of the cost; and the land that they cumbered can be sold for far more than the Clearing House would cost even now.

Those who make their profit or gain their credit by wrestling with the present chaos of goods traffic will say that the Clearing House is a fairy-tale, a dream. Their intellectual ancestors said the same of George Stephenson's plans; the owners of pack-horses doubtless said the same of the cart and wagon. The vision of to-day is the routine of to-morrow.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.



## MOUNTAINEERING AFTER THE WAR: THE INITIATES.

DRAWN BY J. SIMONT.



THEIR FIRST CREVASSE: TOURISTS ON THE TRE-LA-TÊTE GLACIER.

Now that the war is over, mountain-climbing as a sport has begun again, and "old-hands" and novices are able to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Here we have a typical party of initiates fascinated by the first crevasse they have ever seen, on the Tre-la-tête glacier.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# ARRIVALS, DEPARTURES, AND APPOINTMENTS: PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS, KUSSALL, AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



ARRIVING AT No. 10, DOWNING STREET: THE EMIR FEISUL (PORTRAIT INSET).

The Emir Feisal, son of the King of Hedjaz, came to this country in connection with the policy in Syria, and has had an audience with the Prime Minister.—Delegates from



VISITING THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: DELEGATES FROM THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS.

the Indian National Congress, who are in London in connection with reforms in Indian affairs, have visited the Houses of Parliament.



THE CONQUEROR OF JERUSALEM, UNDER ALLENBY: GENERAL SHEA.

Major-Gen. John S. M. Shea, at the head of his Division of Cockney troops, was the first of the victorious troops to enter Jerusalem.—Catherine Breshkovskaya, known as the "Grandmother" of the Russian Revolution, who is seventy-five years old, and has



A PICTURESQUE PERSONALITY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION: CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKAYA.

suffered more than thirty years of prison and exile in Siberia, was recently welcomed at Prague.—General Ronald Storrs is proceeding to Jerusalem to take up the post of Military Governor.



APPOINTED MILITARY GOVERNOR OF JERUSALEM: GENERAL R. STORRS.



BIDDING FAREWELL TO A FAMOUS DIPLOMAT: EARL GREY'S DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

Earl Grey of Falloden sailed for America, to take up his new duties at Washington, on Saturday, September 20. In the photograph on the right he is seen (reading from left



ON BOARD THE "MAURETANIA" (WITHOUT HIS GLASSES): LORD GREY OF FALLODEN.

to right) with Lord Bryce, Lord Reading, and Lord Curzon of Kedleston. In the right hand picture he is seen without his smoked glasses.



## THE HAWAII OF THE EARLY 'NINETIES: "THE BIRD OF PARADISE."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER.



### A SACRIFICE TO THE GODDESS PELE: LUANA THROWS HERSELF INTO THE "HOUSE OF EVERLASTING FIRE."

"The Bird of Paradise," an Hawaiian play by Richard Walton Tully, already very successful in the United States, seems likely to have a good run here, at the Lyric. The time is "The revolutionary days in the Islands during the early 'nineties," and the story concerns, chiefly, Luana, Grand-daughter of the Old Chief, who marries the white doctor Paul Wilson. Wilson falls a victim to the drowsiness of the Island—and to the

native drink. And, in the end, Luana, who has been "prayed" to death by Hewahewa, the priest, sacrifices herself to save her people and throws herself into the mouth of a volcano, "The House of Everlasting Fire," Kilauea, in order to appease the goddess Pele. Luana is played by Miss Dorothy Dix. The plays conveys excellently the fascination of "the Paradise of the Pacific."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

SERIOUS books of consequence are infrequent during September, but "THE ARMY AND RELIGION" (Macmillan; 6s. net), which contains the results of an inquiry into

the attitude towards the Churches of our soldiers at the front, ought to be read by everybody who has the religious welfare of the nation at heart. A Preface by the Bishop of Winchester tells us how a large and representative Committee including ministers of all denominations, set to work to collect and collate the evidence of many hundreds of reliable witnesses of all ranks and occupations in the colossal flesh-and-blood organism of victorious warfare. The results will be appalling to the orthodox churchgoer, whatever his church or his orthodoxy. Not ten per cent. of the men seemed to feel any need at all of a church or of a definite creed. On the other hand, the soul of the average fighting-man was manifestly *anima naturaliter Christiana*; it was, in solemn verity, a brotherhood of Christian gentlemen which wrought the great dispensation which the world has yet to understand. In no way was the plain soldier's superiority as a Christian to those at the back more clearly shown than in his attitude towards the individual German—he did indeed hate the offence rather than the offender, and "It's only Fritz," was his quaint excuse for a power of Christ-like forgiveness hitherto unknown in the annals of epoch-making warfare. It is abundantly clear from this inquiry that the Churches, partly because of their lack of unity and partly because of a belief that they are class institutions, have, to a very great extent, lost their hold on the masses of the population. Various remedies are suggested, but it seems to me that the underlying difficulty is evaded. In the first place it is vital that Protestantism must be unified even at the cost of ceasing to—protest! Secondly, since Christ (against Whom a soldier's voice was never raised in scorn) was a working man, the great united Church of the future must be as democratic as—the Carpenters' Union!

When I attended the Beckett-Goddard fight, having one of the ring-side seats reserved for the Press, a gentleman advanced on me from the most expensive quarter of the vast arena and exclaimed: "Still frequenting these brutal and debasing shows! What

other chroniclers never called a nose a nose, for example; it was the pugilist's "sniffer," "sneezer," "snorer," "snuff-box," "scent-bottle," "sniffer-tray," etc., etc.) which seemed deliberately designed to conceal ignorance of technique, has been forgotten, and we have several pithy yet picturesque writers who can give a braver



MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, WHOSE NEW NOVEL, "TAMARISK TOWN," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

account of the *funera nefunera* of a championship contest and of the psychology of the combatants than Hazlitt himself ever could. To anybody who wishes to understand modern boxing and the characters of its leading exponents, I can heartily recommend "REFEREEING 1000 FIGHTS" (Pearson; 3s. 6d. net), by Eugene Corri, who has done as much as any man living to re-establish a not ignoble art in the favour of sound sportsmen. Mr. Corri is our best referee, as strong and capable a third man in the ring as one could hope to find; and his knowledge of human nature, love of fair-play, and keen sense of humour, make his volume of reminiscences a delightful addition to the literature of pugilism. I myself saw the famous fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons at Carson City, Nevada, for the Heavy-weight Championship of the World; and the sight of the latter in the later stages of the combat—a menacing figure, with blood-stained face and furious eyes, sidling round his victim with long sliding movements—remains as an indelible picture in remembrance. Many years after, the twain met in London, and here is Mr. Corri's story of the meeting: "Fitz and Jim laughed and joked like old schoolboys who never had an enmity of any sort whatever. At my request, they sprang to their feet and reproduced the last scene of their championship fight. They squared up to each other in the corridor of the hotel like two old tigers that still had the fire of the jungle in their eyes—Corbett still as straight as a mast; Fitz nearly ten years his senior, but capable a year later of surviving fifteen rounds against Bill Lang in Australia." Mr. Corri has not the knack of the Plutarchan phrase which enabled Nyren to write characters of the Hambleton cricketers in the minute yet majestic style of Sir Thomas Browne. He would never have thought, to quote Pedlar Palmer's memorable saying, of defining the incomparable Jimmy Wilde as "a ghost with a hammer in his hand"—a delightful tribute to the little Welshman's tremendous punching power and uncanny elusiveness. But his book is a joyous thing, illuminated from within by the author's humour and high spirits and full of amiable anecdotes, of which the story of the grateful old pugilist to whom he gave half-a-crown is a fair specimen: "Thank you guv'nor," said the poor fellow, "Bil' me, what a funeral you'll have! Pity you won't be alive to see it."



MR. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, WHOSE NEW NOVEL, "THE BEACH OF DREAMS," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry

a pursuit for a man of letters! Now that this vigorous and rigorous pastime, the very chess of athletics because of the keen mental concentration it requires, has been purged of the brutal and disgusting details inevitable in the old-fashioned fighting with naked knuckles, I am not ashamed to feel the same eager zest in watching a clean, sportsmanlike contest between well-trained professors of the noble art which impelled Hazlitt to travel on a cold and wet December night (in 1821) to Hungerford, and go without supper and bed, to see "the Gas-man" (Thomas Hickman) fight Bill Neate. To-day the *argot* of the old P.R., with its superfluity of synonyms (Pierce Egan and the

or two removed, of the immortal Marjorie Fleming—especially the sister who dreamed she was Anti-Christ and "had my ears boxed with sheet-lightning for my impudence." The same child was a would-be poetess but found it as difficult as Lamb did to get beyond the first line. But when you start a piece with the terrific statement

Crash, crash, my soul, like a thunderbolt over the rocks,  
it must be as well to stop at once

Only a stern sense of duty enabled me to read "DEADHAM HARD" (Methuen; 7s.), by Lucas Malet to the unsatisfactory conclusion in which the heroine Damaris, marries an elderly lieutenant-colonel. There is no trace of the tragic terseness of Mrs. Harrison's earlier work in this novel, which is full of analysis which ends in some psychological *cul-de-sac* and gossip without any bearing on action-plot and idea-plot. It is a case, I suppose, of putting new wine into old bottles. Mrs. Harrison does not idealise the heart of a woman into a vial of sacred odours—Donne's famous lines on that metaphorical organ—

Yet I found something like a heart.  
But colours it, and corners had;  
It was not good, it was not bad,  
It was entire to none, and few had part.

are as much the basis of her philosophy of love between man and woman as they are of that of the younger generation of novelists. But she has not acquired the modern method of telling a story or maintaining a thesis (it is the case of a thesis with most of our young novelists) without superfluous decorations or digressions. "Deadham Hard," which is said to have taken years in the building, might have been as imposing a construction in the Sardouesque style—if only the scaffolding which blurs its outlines had all been cleared away! Still, the development of a girl's aptitude for living and loving is well described

"CARRION ISLAND" (Jarrolds; 7s. net), by Draycot M. Dell, was the novel I chose this week for a bed-book, being allured by its many little thumb-nail sketches of tarry pirates. I had a wild hope that it was a second, or at any rate a secondary "Treasure Island"—but it turned out a rather preposterous melodrama, in which Raffles-like buccaneers



"GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" (CANON HANNAY), WHOSE NEW NOVEL, "UP THE REBELS!" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.—[Photograph by Russell.]

appear and the long arm of coincidence is stretched till its joints cracked. I am bound to confess, though, that the thing had to be finished at a reading! "BORN SIDES OF THE DOOR" (Stockwell; 2s. net), by Irene Hay, luckily rescued from a pile of reviewer's flotsam and jetsam, takes you into the very worst kind of a haunted house—"There are evil entities in it," said the expert who was finally called in, "and it is on the site of a much older house whose conditions permeate it and which seems to have been used for gambling, opium-drinking, and murder." Even a *poltergeist* or any other established spook would have been afraid to enter the place.

There is so much humour and human nature in "AS A TALE THAT IS TOLD" (Casell; 10s. 6d. net), by F. W. Macdonald, an ex-President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, that I cannot believe the author would join the Llanelli ministers in condemning boxing as a brutal and debasing sport. Mr. Macdonald's autobiography has more than a touch of the beauty of holiness, and there is nothing narrow or sectarian in his comments on the religious life of his own and other Churches. He had four brilliant sisters (one of them was Mr. Kipling's mother) and there are some delightful stories in his book of these sisters as children. They all seem to have been little cousins, a generation



## THE TELL-TALE FOOTPRINT: SAND AS BETRAYER.

DRAWN BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.



"RAKING THE DESERT": CREATING A "DETECTIVE" BELT OF SMOOTH SAND ALONG THE SUEZ CANAL.

Our illustration is a war reminiscence of a most interesting kind. Describing it, the artist writes: "An ingenious system was devised for protecting the Suez Canal from the furtive machinations of the enemy. Every evening, before dusk, a broad belt of the sand along the canal bank, on the enemy's side, was carefully raked over. In the morning

the whole length of this smoothed belt was closely inspected by patrols, who noted any footprints of men or animals approaching the water during the night. Attempts on the part of the enemy to place mines in the water, or otherwise tamper with the Canal, were thus prevented or detected."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## AMONG THE BOLSHEVISTS: A BRITISH ARTIST'S EXPERIENCES.

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL; FROM SKETCHES BY ARTHUR BRIDGE, SUPPLIED BY EASTERN EUROPEAN NEWS SERVICE.



CELEBRATING THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION: BOLSHEVIST REJOICINGS IN A RUSSIAN TOWN.



A COMMUNAL DINNER UNDER BOLSHEVIST RULE: CELEBRATIONS IN A FREE-SOUP KITCHEN.

The pictures above, and those on following pages, illustrate phases of life in Russia under the Bolsheviks. The sketches from which they were drawn are by Arthur Bridge, a British artist who lived under Soviet rule for two years. When the Revolution was proclaimed he was on a sketching tour with his wife and child, and was made to join a union. As no Artists' Union was in existence, he became a member of the Union of "Housepainters and Decorators" and all was well! The top picture shows the cele-

brations at the town of Elet, on the first anniversary of the Russian Revolution; and the second one the interior of a soup kitchen in which a communal dinner was served in honour of the occasion. The meal consisted of soup, with meat in it; and one bowl and one spoon had to suffice for four people. Every class of the community mingled together. An article on "The Lighter Side of Bolshevism," by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, will be found on another page.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## AMONG THE BOLSHEVISTS: CELEBRATING THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL; FROM SKETCHES BY ARTHUR BRIDGE, SUPPLIED BY EASTERN EUROPEAN NEWS SERVICE.



WITH ARCHES DESIGNED BY A BRITISH ARTIST—AND DEEMED TOO LIKE A GUILLOTINE! BOLSHEVIST DECORATIONS PAID FOR WITH NINE ROUBLES AND COMMUNAL DINNERS.

Mr. Arthur Bridge was requested to decorate the city on the anniversary of the Revolution, when great celebrations took place; and our illustration shows one of the triumphal arches. It is surmounted by the World, painted red, and supported by a winged figure of Liberty. Mr. Bridge states that the design met with some opposition, owing to the

resemblance of the arch to a guillotine, but it was eventually accepted, and the artist was promised a fee of 300 roubles for his work. Ultimately he received nine roubles and a number of "communal" dinners! In addition to the arch designed by Mr. Bridge, the picture shows a number of "Bolshevistic" banners.—[Copyrighted in U.S.A. and Canada.]



## AMONG THE BOLSHEVISTS: FORCED LABOUR GATHERING IN THE HARVEST.

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL; FROM SKETCHES BY ARTHUR BRIDGE, SUPPLIED BY THE EUROPEAN NEWS SERVICE.



WORKING IN THE FIELDS IN BOLSHEVIST TERRITORY: TOWNSFOLK COMPELLED TO ASSIST THE PEASANTS IN CUTTING THE CORN.

As previously explained, Mr. Arthur Bridge, with his wife and child, were in the town of Eleti, in Russia, on a sketching tour, when the Revolution was declared. After having been made to join a union, Mr. Bridge and his wife were set to pick beans, and afterwards to assist in gathering in the rest of the harvest. He says, however, that

the work at first was not unpleasant; but it was not so agreeable when the colder weather came. There was no animosity shown between the peasants and the townspeople, and the latter were obliged to help for only three days in succession, with sometimes an interval of a month or so between.—(Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



## THE CENTENARY OF WATT, THE FATHER OF MODERN ENGINEERING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE GARDEN PARTY AT HEATHFIELD HALL: A GROUP OF GUESTS AT THE WATT CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.



LEFT AS IT WAS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: WATT'S GARRET WORKSHOP AT HEATHFIELD HALL.

The centenary of the death of James Watt, the father of modern engineering, was celebrated at Birmingham on September 16, 17, 18, when a great gathering of the world's engineers was present. The celebrations included a service at Handsworth Parish Church, where Watts was buried, and a garden party at Handsworth Hall, where he died. The visitors at Handsworth Hall were shown the garret workshop in which Watt worked

from the time of his retirement until his death. In connection with the Centenary it is proposed to endow a Professorship of Engineering, to be known as the James Watt Chair, at the University of Birmingham, and to erect a James Watt Memorial Building, to serve as a museum for the collection of examples of the work of Watt and his contemporaries, Boulton and Murdoch, illustrating this interesting epoch in the history of engineering.



## A HUNDRED YEARS' PROGRESS: STEAM-ENGINES—OLD AND NEW.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON, FROM AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



A WATT ENGINE ; A MODERN TURBINE ; AND AN ENGINE OF 40 YEARS AGO : CONTRASTS IN ENGINE TYPES.

In connection with the centenary of the death of James Watt, our illustration shows some interesting phases of the evolution of the steam engine. On the right is a double-acting rotative mill-engine as designed by James Watt and constructed by Boulton and Watt, and on the left is a modern turbine; whilst an engine of forty years ago is shown at the back of the picture. From James Watt's inventions the whole of the modern

factory system and the modern idea of mass production has sprung. Other inventors naturally extended and consolidated his discoveries, but "the Watt steam engine by its ingenuity and utility provided the impetus under which five successive generations of inventors have since achieved industrial triumphs." Watts is entitled to be called the creator of modern industry.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]





## THE SCHNEIDER CUP FIASCO.

By C. G. GREY,

Editor of "The Aeroplane."

SO far as one has observed personally, no newspaper outside the aeronautical technical Press has published a full account of the Jacques Schneider International Cup Competition for Seaplanes; so, as the said competition is of very considerable importance, one ventures to give a detailed account here now that it is possible to assemble all the facts of that unfortunate fiasco.

The Schneider Cup was originally given by M. Jacques Schneider, a member of the famous French firm of gun-makers, for an international seaplane race, his idea being to improve this particular breed of aircraft. The competition was made a race against time, so as to increase the speed of seaplanes; it was made of considerable length, so as to improve their capabilities for duration; and it was specified that the machines must alight on the water at least twice during the race, so as to prove their sea-worthiness. With the same idea it was specified that the race must take place over open sea-water and not in enclosed waters. The last competition before this year was won by a Sopwith Biplane with Gnome engine, piloted by Mr. C. H. Pixton, at Monaco in 1914. As the Cup was won by a British machine, the race this year had to be held in England.

The Royal Aero Club, which was thus in charge of the competition, fixed on a course starting from Bournemouth Pier with a turning point in Swanage Bay and another one at Christchurch. This gave a triangular course of twenty nautical miles. The course had to be covered ten times to make up a total distance of two hundred nautical miles. Each country entering for the competition is allowed three representatives. This year the only countries which entered were France, Italy, and Great Britain. The machines chosen by the Aero Club of France were two Nieuport biplanes with 300-h.p. Hispano-Suiza engines and one Spad-Herbert biplane, also with a 300-h.p. Hispano. All three were tractor biplanes with pontoon floats. The only Italian representative was a Savoia biplane with a 250-h.p. Isotta-Fraschini engine. The three machines chosen by the Royal Aero Club were a Sopwith tractor biplane with a 450-h.p. Cosmos "Jupiter" engine, a Fairey tractor biplane with a 450-h.p. Napier "Lion" engine (both these having pontoon floats), and a Supermarine flying-boat, also with a 450-h.p. Napier "Lion."

The race was due to start from Bournemouth at 2.30 p.m. At that hour heavy fog-banks rolled in from the sea, and until nearly 4 p.m. it was impossible to see more than a couple of hundred yards at Bournemouth. Then the fog lifted, and, so far as it was possible to judge, the weather was quite clear enough for the race to be held. Unfortunately, it did not occur to anybody to send a machine down to Swanage to find out the degree of visibility at that place, so the race started in due and proper form at 4.45 p.m.

Long before the start a string of disasters had begun to occur. The first Nieuport machine had left Paris on the previous Sunday and flew to Cowes via Brighton, in two-and-a-half hours. In alighting at Cowes it hit a buoy in Cowes Harbour, completely demolishing its floats, and diving into the water. First thing on Monday morning the workpeople of

S. E. Saunders, Ltd., under the direction of Mr. Newman and encouraged to do their utmost by Mr. S. E. Saunders himself, set to work, and in a most sporting manner completely rebuilt the machine by the following Wednesday morning, on which the race was held, the men working day and night. As soon as ever it was ready, the Nieuport machine left Cowes and alighted at Bournemouth. Owing to the flat calm there was no wind to make a ripple on the water or to slow the machine in alighting, with the result that it came down very fast on to a surface as smooth and hard as glass and cracked one of its floats. It was towed ashore before the float was completely submerged, but it was definitely out of the race. Meanwhile on Monday afternoon at 5 p.m., the second Nieuport,



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF "AVIATION": AN AEROPLANE-TRICYCLE TOY. This "aeroplane," which can be pedalled tricycle-fashion, was made for his little girl by a demobilised R.A.F. officer.—[Photograph by C.N.]

piloted by Malard, left Paris and disappeared completely. It was not until mid-day on Wednesday that it was learned that pilot and machine had been discovered by a ship of some kind, floating helpless in mid-Channel. The Spad arrived safely at Bournemouth from Cowes and was put on the beach to wait for the start. The beach contained a number of stones which punctured the Spad's floats, so that it also was out of the race.

of some kind right in front of him, and pulled his machine up sharply, just clearing the boat. He returned to Bournemouth and reported that he had given up the race because it was impossible to find the Swanage mark-boat in the fog. The next starter was Squadron-Commander Hobbs on the Supermarine. He likewise came down into the fog to find the mark-boat. He alighted on the water, ran along for some distance, and then, finding no boat of any kind, got off again. In getting off his machine hit some floating substance with a terrific crash, but left the water safely. He then flew to the Christchurch mark-boat and came down to make one of the specified alightings. His actual alighting was perfect, but, as was proved by subsequent examination of the boat, the whole bottom had been torn out in the aforesaid crash at Swanage. The result was that the Supermarine immediately became a submarine, but happily Commander Hobbs escaped with nothing worse than a wetting. The next starter was the Savoia piloted by Janello, a non-commissioned officer of the Italian Navy. His getting off was perfect. He duly made the specified landings, and thereafter continued to fly round the course with wonderful steadiness; covering lap after lap in times which varied only by seconds, much to the gratification of the Italian visitors.

The last starter was Mr. Harry Hawker on the Sopwith. He had arrived early from Southampton Water, and, after floating for a little while, put his machine on the beach and changed his floats. It was evident as soon as he got off that he had only to cover the course and do his specified alightings safely, to win, for his machine was very evidently something like thirty miles an hour faster than anything else in the race. A very few minutes after he started he came back again, alighted close to the beach, promptly opened up his engines and dragged the machine ashore. Later it was learned that, as in the case of the Nieuport, the lack of wind and smooth water had been his undoing, and had smashed his floats. In any case, this made no difference to the race, for he had, in fact, returned merely to report that owing to the fog it was impossible to find the Swanage mark-boat.

All these mishaps left Janello as the only competitor flying. He finished his ten laps and then did an eleventh lap so as to cover the full ten laps without loss of time caused by alighting, the idea being to put up a record of two hundred nautical miles. Unfortunately, owing to the fog, Janello followed the coast westward from Bournemouth, and this led him into Studland Bay, which he mistook for Swanage Bay. Still more unfortunately, there happened to be off Studland Bay a boat which was either of the same type as, or very similar to, the official mark-boat at Swanage. Consequently, Janello kept on turning round this boat fully convinced that it was the official mark-boat in Swanage Bay. The first suspicion that something of this sort was happening arose on board the Aero Club Committee boat, when a very experienced aviator pointed out that although Janello was keeping perfectly even time, the time for each lap was very much faster than



"FLAPPING FLIGHT": THE INVENTION OF M. JEAN BAPTISTE PASSAT.

M. Passat, who is a Frenchman living in London, is seeking to solve the problem of "flapping-wing" flight for man. During trials, he succeeded in covering some thirty yards at a height of six feet, using wings moved by his arms. Since then he has made the machine here illustrated, which he is fitting with a 6-h.p. engine.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

The first competitor to start was Lieut.-Col. Vincent Nichol, D.S.O., on the Fairey. Colonel Nichol found Swanage Bay enveloped in fog, but was able to trace the outline of the cliffs. Determined to find the mark-boat if possible, he dived down into the fog and saw the water when about 15 ft. above it. Suddenly he saw a boat

the speed of his machine made possible. The result was that Janello was disqualified for not having covered the proper course. The race, having been properly started, had actually taken place, yet nobody had won it, and consequently, under the rules, could not be declared null and void, as it had actually taken place.





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## NO LONGER "BLACKED OUT": LONDON HERSELF AGAIN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. C. MORTIMER.



"THE CENTRE OF THE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD": PICCADILLY CIRCUS BY NIGHT.

After the war-years, with their nighty gloom, the great "blacking-out" to deceive enemy aircraft, London is herself again. Nowhere is this more evident than at Piccadilly Circus, which someone called, not without cause, "the centre of the capital of the world." Once more Gilbert's famous "Shaftesbury Fountain" is silhouetted against a blaze of light.

In connection with this, it is interesting to recall that when the statue was cleaned during the war, the bow in the hands of the figure surmounting the fountain was reversed, so that it seemed as if Eros were attempting to commit suicide! The error has now been rectified, and Piccadilly is as she was before the war.



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## SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

MR. ERNEST POOLE, an American journalist, has written two books about Russia, and an English edition, printed either in the United States or from the plates prepared there, is published by the house of



DRAWN THROUGH FELIXSTOWE BY BLUEJACKETS AND DEMOBILISED SOLDIERS: LORD ALLENBY'S RECEPTION.

"I owe everything in the world to my mother," said Lord Allenby, in acknowledging an address of welcome at Felixstowe. "God bless her," replied the great crowd which greeted him.—[Photograph by Central News.]

Macmillan. "The Village," a series of Russian impressions, is the spirited account of a visit to the home of a small landowner during the early days of the Revolution—in August 1917, to be exact—when the army was gradually falling to pieces and the long-drawn-out period of reaction had started in Petrograd. As a journalist, Mr. Poole has gathered his material with a quick eye for the essential and has arranged it in the most effective fashion. The pity is that most of his characters speak with an eloquence that sounds a little out of the common, particularly as the author's host was his interpreter as well. Perhaps the interest lies less in the various theories of reform that are propounded by countless speakers than in the pictures of village life and the story told by the elders of conditions that obtained in the old days. The reader is able to understand how the feeling for the land enters into the life of

all the countryfolk, and how they come to translate the revolution as applied to themselves in terms of more acres and new agricultural implements that will speed up production and simplify labour. Juvenale Ivanovitch Tarasov, Mr. Poole's friend, host, and interpreter, has a startling story of the times when a bottle of vodka was the standard unit of value, when a peasant would be paid for his work in this currency, when at a wedding feast near the village forty-six peasants died through falling into a drunken sleep in the snow, when mothers used to put vodka into their babies' milk in order to keep them quiet. Priests, schoolmasters, sorcerers—the last being men who wield hypnotic influence of the kind that Rasputin possessed—pass through Mr. Poole's pages, and almost without exception the types he brings before us are new to the average English reader, and calculated to arrest and hold his attention. "The Village" leads nowhere: our author concludes his story and goes home; but he has lived awhile among strange, interesting, and sympathetic folk, and he has brought many of them successfully to the printed page. We see from what he tells us that the bulk of the middle-aged men are a force for sane reform—a force that may still become effective; while the young ones are out of hand, and have taken leave of sanity and common-sense. It is not necessary to go as far as Russia to find such developments, and perhaps in Russia and elsewhere a wise solution of the land problem will save the situation.

In his other book, "The Dark People," which is an attempt to explain the revolution by a man who lived through a part of it, Mr. Poole says frankly enough that the peasants are in the long run the arbiters of Russia's destinies. Kerensky, a man of rare ability, failed for lack of their confidence and support. Lenin and Trotsky appear, according to Mr. Poole, to have secured it,

and this would account for the measure of their success and the length of their stay. We have to bear in mind that one hundred and sixty millions of Russians are living on the land. As Nicholas Tchaikovsky said to the writer, "Nine-tenths of the soldiers are peasant lads. The war took them from their village, plunged them into army life and gave them wider, more radical views. In the army they talked everything out. . . . Great forces whirled round them. . . . new ideas got into their minds. It was too much for the peasant boy. . . ." Mr. Poole believes that it is America's business to help the Dark People (peasants) in order that German influence may not dominate their lives, and he holds that if Russian agriculture and commerce are put upon a strong foundation the natural common-sense of the agriculturalist and town worker will do the rest. It is very hard for any man in the course of a brief stay to reach the heart of Russia's problem, and many a year must pass before full understanding is reached; but it is clear



WITH HIS AGED MOTHER AT FELIXSTOWE: LORD ALLENBY, THE HERO OF PALESTINE.

Field-Marshal Lord Allenby visited Felixstowe directly after his return to see his mother in the photograph Lady Allenby is seen on the left with a bouquet of flowers.

Photograph by Central News.

that Russia stands more in need of helpers than of critics. Mr. Poole's books are distinctly valuable; but "The Dark People" is largely out of date already.

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## LADIES' NEWS.

THE Scotch season is drawing to a close. It has been a very enjoyable one—the weather, on the whole, excellent, and sport, if not of the best, most enjoyable because so long impossible. The Northern Halls are revived, and end up the gaieties round Inverness. Some lovers of the hills stay through most of October; but the partridges and pheasants in the South call sportsmen down. Women take part in these shoots even more than in grouse-drives, and those who do not actually shoot join the guns at luncheon and see something of the shooting later. The King has given a good lead in simplifying these shooting luncheons. They had in pre-war days become Lucullan feasts, with several hot dishes, champagne on ice, and tables and seats and footmen. People vied with each other in introducing some new dish, some greater comfort, some fresh luxury. It was rather absurd, for the idea of picnic lunches is their novelty, and if they are just dining-room affairs in the open this aspect is lost altogether. Now shooting luncheons are sandwiches of many kinds, beer, whiskies and sodas for the men, and light wines for the ladies. Not a whit less enjoyable do they prove than their elaborate predecessors.

Dress is always specially interesting in the shooting-party season, because the new fashions are exploited then. The woman who values her reputation for smart dressing is always careful to have some of the most recent introductions of the Dame who must be obeyed when she begins her country-house campaign. Quite nice was a gown of dead-leaf-brown duvetyn. The bodice had sleeves nearly to the elbow, and was draped fairly closely to the waist. It showed a wide chemisette of yellow crêpe-de-Chine embroidered round the top with jade-green silk, similar embroidery finishing the short sleeves. The skirt was the novelty; it was draped up from the hem, where it was quite narrow and reached the ankles, to the waist, where wide, pocket-like open pleats were lined with yellow crêpe-de-Chine. The effect was rather that of a half-closed umbrella. It was new, and it was graceful. The neck was open. The wearer was cajoled to give the name of the maker, but would not. However, her maid told someone else's maid that it came in a Marshal and Snelgrove box, and someone else thought that was quite good enough.

There is a very decided effort on the part of modistes to revive high neck-wear. It is sternly combatted by comfort. Open necks are so comfortable, say women, they are so healthy—no sore throats with them. They are so economical; neck-wear costs such a lot, and the



A WRAP OF THE MOMENT.

Soft nigger-brown velvet, which falls in soft and becoming draperies, is a most suitable material for a cloak. A fur collar gives it a finishing touch.

laundrying of it more, whereas a string of beads does week in, week out. All these things are true, and are advanced constantly by the open-neck brigade. We shall see. If high neck-wear is voted smart, *chic*, and up to date, it will come in—economy, comfort, and health notwithstanding. There is a compromise which is wholly unsatisfactory—a band and a frill worn round the neck, and an open space and a row of beads below. It must be right high up to look well. If the new mode—or rather, the revival—obtains, it will be good for our necks. Some there are that have stood the exposure to wind and weather very well. They are in the minority; most of them have distinctly deteriorated in appearance, and some have reddened or coarsened almost beyond hope of recovery. The latest high neck-wear is of lawn or batiste, and is high, close, and neat. It goes well with the Directory period trend which autumn clothes are taking—a very distinguished trend it is, and in pleasant contrast to our clothes-peg styles now passing into limbo.

The engagement of Lord Herschell to Miss Vera Nicolson is quite a Shetland Island affair. Shetland has been very full this summer—that is to say, all available accommodation has been used. Miss Nicolson is the only sister of Sir Arthur Nicolson, who lives in Shetland and who is a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. Lord Herschell is a Commander in the R.N.V.R., and has been busy up in the islands. He is an only son, clever, a good musician, a traveller, and in every way a man of parts; but came to being just over forty before showing any predilection towards matrimony, much to the astonishment of many matrons. He was Lord-in-Waiting to King Edward and to King George until recently. He has lived in Whitehall Court, but will probably take a residence to bring his island bride to—most likely in the country, since neither of them cares greatly for town.

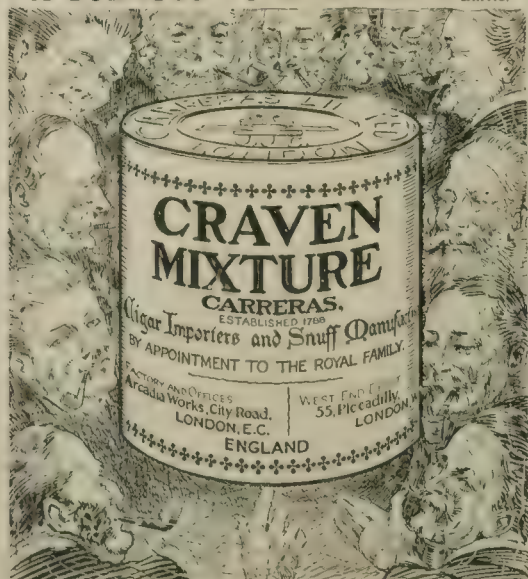
The Duke of Argyll and his sister, Lady Elspeth Campbell, are entertaining at Inveraray in a way really hospitable. Neither is often seen in town; they love their Highland home, live mostly in it, and do all they can for the people round them. Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll has always admired the characters of this nephew and niece of her husband. Inveraray never greatly appealed to the Princess, being rather a "dour" if imposing castle. Being of a sunny nature, she preferred smiling Roseneath, where she now is. Lady Elspeth is one of the very few women who can play the pipes, and very well she plays them too. The Duke is a determined bachelor; he is not a rich man for his position, and he and his sister live a quiet life and spend their income chiefly among their own people.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A NATURALIST'S PARADISE.

I AM now spending three joyous weeks at Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire. With all the sea to play in, the relics of bygone seas to explore with hammer and chisel, and a delightful laboratory facing the sea to work in, I



KILLED IN ACTION AT ARCHANGEL: LIEUT. WILLIAM U. CHEVALLIER TAYLOR.

Lieut. William U. Chevallier Taylor, killed in action at Archangel in August 1918, was the only surviving son of the well-known artist Mr. A. Chevallier Taylor. He was educated at Stonyhurst and at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and was taken prisoner in March 1918. He was twenty-one. His younger brother, Lieut. John A. Chevallier, R.N., R.A.F., was killed while flying in France in 1918.

find myself in a veritable Paradise. Here I examine the result of the morning's dredging or the yield of the rock-pools. The laboratory, not so very long ago, was the "watch-house" of the Coastguard Station. But it has now been taken over by the Yorkshire Universities and equipped as a Marine Biological Station. Verily, I have seen much of the sea here, for during stormy days the spray comes in at the window, and during winter gales, I am told, the waves break the windows and take the very tiles off the roof!

To the right of me, as I write by the window, is a range of Lower Lias cliffs, capped by Glacial Drift. For the first half-mile the Lias rises no more than a few feet above sea-level, and superimposed upon this rises the Drift, to a height of some three hundred feet. But the ceaseless attacks of the sea, and subsidences, have broken it up into terraces, rising one above the other, and carved into strange peaks, deep gullies, and huge basins, while at the foot of the cliff lie great boulders representing a surprising medley of geological formations. Oolite, slate, basalt, granite, and sandstone are strewn about in a seemingly freakish fashion, while the stiff clay above is studded with similar nodules and boulders ready to fall.

But further on the Lias is well exposed, forming precipitous cliffs terminating in the rugged headland of the Peak, which attains a height of six hundred feet. In the northern sector of the Bay, terminating in Bay Ness, the cliffs form a precipitous wall, hourly crumbling, so that fossil-hunting here is attended with a spice of danger. Seeing this work of disintegration so constantly going on, one can readily understand the formation of the "scars" which run out from the cliffs, as a great platform extending seawards, for a distance of from three to four hundred yards. Here is the most profitable ground for fossil hunting, and along the outer fringes of the reef are the rock-pools where the seaweed grows. But these demand a chapter to themselves, which they shall have when I have completed the survey of my three weeks' collecting.

Prevailing currents, no doubt, are answerable for the fact that while large areas of these scars are absolutely bare, save for a sprinkling of limpets and periwinkles, others are so thickly covered with bladder-wrack that the fossil-hunter must wait till some fortunate September when, after a hot summer, the weed has been

killed and swept away. The scars immediately in front of the village run out from the cliffs seawards in a series of descending terraces, each fringed with boulders. There is, too, a sprinkling of boulders on the scars themselves. The surface of the scars and of the boulders alike is encrusted with tiny barnacles, and these, when bathed in sunlight, give the whole area a glorious golden hue.

There are fewer "shore-birds" here than I expected to find. Of the gulls the commonest is the herring-gull. It is delightful to be awakened in the morning by their wild cries, and they display a most surprising variety of notes, harmonising well with their wild surroundings. A considerable number are still in their immature dress of hadden grey, and some cannot long have left the parental shelter, for they continually pester their elders, strangers though they be, for food. But their appeals fall on deaf



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In this summer-house Cowper wrote: "Oh, for a Closer Walk with God," and "God Moves in a Mysterious Way." Cowper himself called it his "boudoir," his "bandbox," his "workshop," and "my nutshell of a summer-house which is my verse-factory." (Photograph by Percival.)

ears. Here and there one sees the lesser black-backed gull, but after the herring gull, the commonest is the black-headed gull. And among these are a few in the

(Continued overleaf.)

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Continued.]

dark-brown dress which is never to be seen after September is out.

The common tern is fairly numerous, and it is a great joy to watch them fishing, twisting, turning and plunging, as they do, with surprising agility. When the tide is low they gather together in little groups upon some boulder to preen themselves, and talk over the possibilities of the next tide. There are a fair number of cormorants, and I can always count on seeing one or two perched upon the tops of posts put up as a guide to the channel at high-water by the fishermen. Here they sit with outspread wings, which all the while are gently fanned, by which sign one may know that a big meal is in process of digestion.

The oyster-catcher, the whimbrel, and a few scoters are the only other "sea-birds" which I have seen so far. But I was not a little surprised to find house-martins nesting under overhanging ledges of the cliffs, and so late as September 5 I could watch the gyrations of the swift. But by now they have taken up their winter quarters in Africa. Would that I could follow them, for the dreadful winter is at hand! W. P. PYCRAFT.

The golfer, experienced or novice, will find much of interest in "Picture Analysis of Golf Strokes," which is the work of James M. (Jimmie) Barnes, who won the Professional Championship of America in 1916, and has over three hundred photographic illustrations—each right-hand page is a picture or a series of pictures, while the left-hand explains the movements and the details of the strokes seen opposite. The thoroughness of the compilation may be judged from the section headings: "Introductory Remarks," "My Clubs," "The Grip," "The Stance," "Driver or Brassie—Full Shot," "The Cleek—Full Shot," "Full Mashie or Mid Iron," "The Mashie Niblic—100-120 Yards," "Short Pitch Shot—with Mashie Niblic," "Pitch and Run—Chip Shot," "Bunker Shots," "Putting," "The Push Shot—with a Mashie Iron," "The Cleek—Full Shot—for the Left-Hand Player," "Comparison of Backward and Forward Swings," "Similarity of Strokes with All Clubs," "Concluding Remarks." The number of illustrations to each shot varies, of course, with necessity. For instance, six pictures go to the Stance, thirty-five to Driver or Brassie Full Shot, thirty-two to the Cleek, fourteen to Putting, and so on—the object being to describe in their sequence the various physical movements for all the strokes. The book is published by Lippincott, and is priced at one guinea net.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Miffland Lane, Strand, W.C.

S. H. C. LUCAS (India).—Your problem in two moves admits of a second solution by 1. Kt. (Q 3rd) to B 5th (ch).

ERNEST ROBINS (Bexhill-on-Sea).—Your problems appear to be sound, but are too easy for insertion in this column.

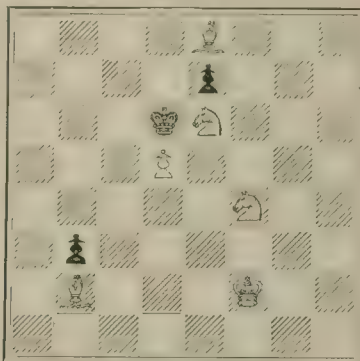
J. WATTS (Dev.).—A second solution by 1. R to R 4th, etc.

M. L. PENCE (Kentucky, U.S.A.).—We have examined your problem afresh and find a second solution 1. B to K 7th (ch), etc.

KESHAB DAS DEB (Calcutta).—Your last contribution is marked for early insertion.

PROBLEM No. 3820 By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3818.—By W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE.

1. Q to Kt sq

2. Q to Q 4th (ch)

3. Kt mates.

BLACK.

K to Q 4th

K takes either Kt

If Black plays 1. K to Q 6th, 2. Kt to B 5th (ch), etc., and if 1. K to B 6th, then 2. Kt to K 5th (ch), etc.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3814 received from P. V. Early (Fatchan, China); of No. 3813 from K. D. Ghose (Sirma); and Keshab Das Deb (Calcutta); of No. 3814 from Keshab Das Deb (Calcutta); of No. 3814 from John F. Wilkinson (Alexandria), J. B. Camara (Madeira), and Albert Taylor (Attarcliffe); of No. 3817 from Enzo and J. B. Camara; of No. 3818 from P. W. Hunt (Bridgewater), and E. J. Gibbs (Upton Manor).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3819 received from R. C. Durell (South Woodford), H. Gravett Baldwin (Farnham), A. H. H. (Bath), P. Cooper (Clapham), H. T. Asche (Sydenham), Joseph Willcock (Southampton), G. Lew-

thwaite (Leamington Spa), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), A. R. Robinson (Golders Green), J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), J. S. Forbes (Brighton), E. M. Lane (Clapham Common), H. Cockell (Penge), Jas. C. Gemmell (Campbelltown), and H. W. Satow.

## CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played at Hastings in the Major Tournament of the British Chess Federation between Messrs. V. L. WAINTRICH and R. P. MICHEL.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. W.) BLACK (Mr. M.)

1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th  
2. P to Q B 3rd P to K 3rd  
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd  
4. B to Kt 5th Q Kt to Q 2nd  
5. P to K 3rd B to K 2nd  
6. Kt to B 3rd Castles  
7. B to Q 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd  
8. P takes P P takes P  
9. Castles B to Kt 2nd  
10. R to B sq P to B 4th  
11. Kt to K 5th Kt takes Kt  
12. P takes Kt Kt to K 5th

Although the opening is still book play so far, we do not think it is the best defence at Black's disposal. It restricts his freedom of action too much for our liking.

13. B to K B 4th Kt takes Kt  
14. P takes Kt P to B 5th  
15. B to Kt sq P to Q Kt 4th  
16. B to R 6th

With this and the following stroke, White embarks on a masterly attack, as pretty as it is forcible. Although the results are not immediately seen, the positional advantage soon comes into evidence.

16. Q to Kt 3rd  
17. B takes P K takes B  
18. Q to Kt 4 (ch) K to R sq  
19. Q to R 5th P to R 3rd  
20. Q to B 5th Q to Kt 3rd  
21. Q to Q 7th Q to K 3rd

Here Black might have done better with Q to Q B 3rd instead, giving him the possibility of a counter-attack by 22. P to Q 5th.  
22. Q takes Q B K R to Q Kt sq  
23. Q to B 7th R to Q B sq  
24. Q to R 5th P to R 3rd  
25. Q R to Q sq B to B 4th  
26. P to K 4th R to K Kt sq  
27. P to Kt 3rd

With the advance of Pawns that here begins, White brings a very well-played game to a victorious issue.

31. Q takes K P  
32. P to B 4th R to Kt 2nd  
33. P to B 5th Q to R 3rd  
34. P to K 5th Q to R 5th  
35. K to Kt 2nd Q takes Q P  
36. P to B 6th R to K B sq  
37. P takes R K takes P  
38. P to K 6th Q to Kt 7th (ch)  
39. K to R 3rd Q to Q 5th  
40. R takes P (ch) Resigns.

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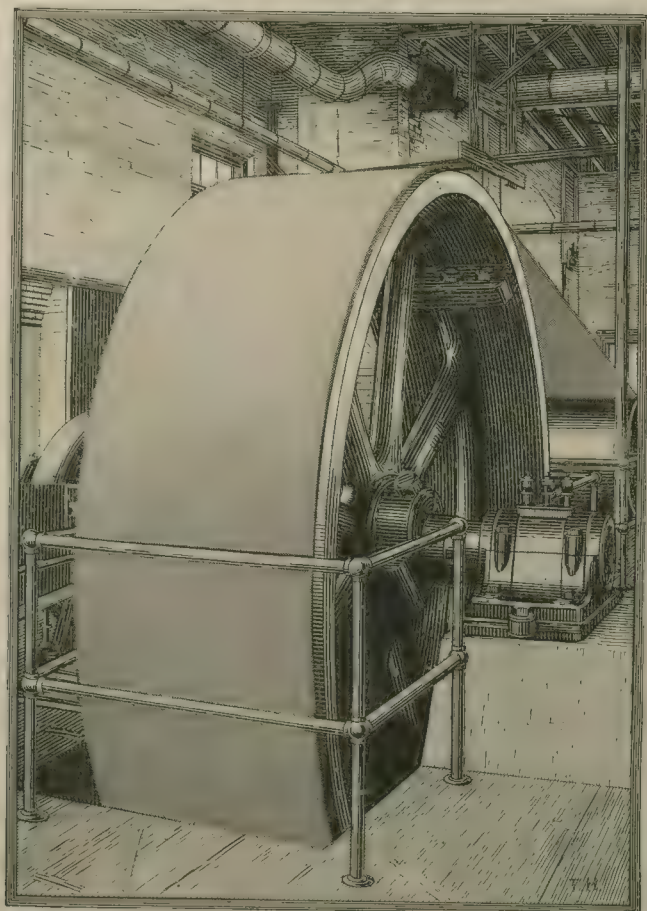
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "WHO'S HOOPER?" AT THE ADELPHI.

MR. FRED THOMPSON has made a very cheery musical comedy from Sir Arthur Pinero's farce "In Chancery," and amply provided as the play is with tuneful songs and choruses by Messrs. Howard Talbot and Ivor Novello, fine scenes, and the inimitable humour of Mr. W. H. Berry, the entertainment should gradually become as great a favourite as its predecessor, "The Boy." As the man who lost his memory through an accident, Mr. W. H. Berry has great scope for his gift of drollery: his narrow escape from bigamy, his wooing and his being wooed, and his reunion with his wife, are moments of humour not easily forgotten. His geniality, his quaint rolling of the eyes—in short, all his funny little traits, make him a feast of joy to the playgoer. He is ably supported by Miss Cicely Debenham, whose liveliness and quaint mannerisms are well suited to the part; and by Miss Marjorie Gordon, as the ward in Chancery who has eloped with Mr. Robert Michaelis, of charming voice, who endears himself, as in pre-war days, to his audience. Many others contributed to the gay swing of the play, amongst them Miss Madeline Seymour, Miss Pollie Emery, Miss Violet Blythe, and those graceful dancers, M. Jean Castener and Miss Betty Blake.

## "AFGAR," AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

The authors, Messrs. Fred Thompson and Worton David, have culled their material for this fantastic play from the French, and so we are prepared for amusing and somewhat spicy situations, all sorts of impossible *impasses*, much in the beauty line, and a general air of gaiety. "Afgar" embraces all these qualities, and when we add that the scenery, from the rise of the fine and attractive Turkey-carpet patterned curtain, depicting beautiful colour schemes and Eastern glories, is a joy to the eye, that the story is well put together, that the music is melodious, that the chorus is a medley of grace, allurements, and gorgeous dresses, one can imagine the kind of entertainment provided at the Pavilion. Briefly, the tale tells how a modern Don Juan, admirably portrayed by Mr. Harry Welchman of the fine voice, finds himself a prisoner in the Palace of Afgar, falls a victim to the charms of the favourite wife, but eventually returns to his Spanish sweetheart who has followed him disguised as a slave. The first act goes with a swing, but the second is somewhat slow in disentanglement. However, there is so much variety in the performance of the actors that we hardly notice the slight flaws in the book. Mlle. Delysia is a host in herself: she combines charm and grace with a warmth of voice and feeling that seem to denote she is heart and soul in her work; Mr. John Humphries, as Afgar the Moor, played the lord of the harem with much humour; Mr.

Lupino Lane's agility and droll antics filled us with ever increasing admiration; and Miss Marie Burke, a *débütante* on the stage, showed no signs of inexperience: her fine voice and bearing give promise of a successful future.

The autumn sales are now in full swing, and to most women who love a bargain they are equally attractive as the ones which are held in the spring. One of the most fascinating is to take place very shortly, commencing, as a matter of fact, on Sept. 29, when Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, of Regent Street, W.1, are holding a special autumn sale of linens, and, at the same time, a display of all the newest season's designs in lingerie, blouses, lace, handkerchiefs, curtains, hosiery, and other specialities of this celebrated firm.

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But, having no voice, I'll be quit of the singing:  
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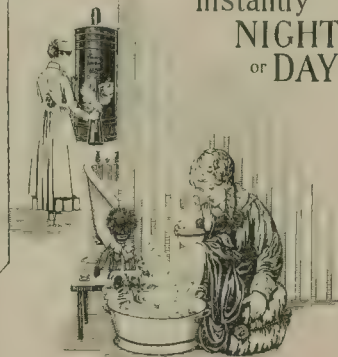
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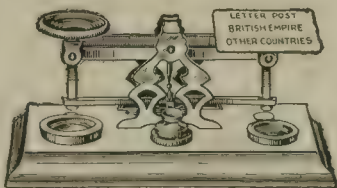
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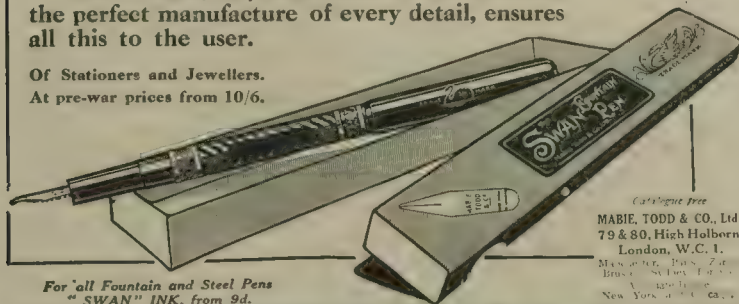
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153

# Lotus

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"On the contrary," answered the proprietor of the establishment, "we make a fair profit on them for ourselves."

"You must get them cheap, then."

"We do."

"Well, how is it done?"

"We buy direct from the makers."

"Oh, that's how it is done, is it?"

"Not altogether; that isn't the whole story."

"Well, what's the rest?"

"Plus a moderate profit for ourselves and the makers, Lotus are sold

at what it costs to make them, and mark you, at what it actually costs at the time, and not what it is going to cost next time leather goes up."

"That doesn't sound remarkable."

"Perhaps it doesn't to you, madam, but it is the secret of Lotus low prices. From the beginning to the end there is no profiteering with Lotus."

Lotus Ltd, Stafford  
Makers of Lotus and Delta Shoes  
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## The Lincoln Tractor Trial.

A development of the self-propelled vehicle which received a great impetus during the war was that of the agricultural tractor, which was almost unknown here as an aid to scientific cultivation until the progress of the German submarine campaign drew attention to the necessity for increased production from the land, and enforced more rapid methods of farming than had hitherto been in vogue. Even now the farmer is, to a great extent, in the dark as to the types which will give the greatest all-round satisfaction on given characters of land, nor has he had sufficient experience of tractors to be able to determine between their respective merits. Therefore, in organising a comprehensive trial at Lincoln, which began on Saturday last, the Society of Motor Manufacturers has done well. As the Society points out, the farmer, in choosing a tractor, is faced with a difficult task. There are many machines on the market, of which he can, in his own neighbourhood, see only a few, and he cannot be sure that the one most suited to his work is amongst that few. Moreover, the only help he can get is that of the various agents and salesmen, whose opinions, to say the least, are likely to be biased. The trial offers him the right kind of help in two ways. It affords him the opportunity of seeing all the available tractors hard at work in various classes of soil and on different jobs. It provides him with the help of experts—judges appointed by the N.E.U. and an expert engineer—in making his final choice. At the exhibition which is staged in the midst of the trial ground, he can examine the various machines in detail and at his leisure.

I cannot say whether or not it is true that the British farmer is, on the whole, so conservative and bound to traditional methods as some would have us believe. But it is reasonably sure that he is open to a certain amount of conviction, and that if the Society can show him, through the medium of the trial, that he can work his land more rapidly and at less expense—as I believe is undoubtedly the case—by substituting the tractor for the horse, then the trial will be amply justified, and it will only be a question of time before the tractor is as usual an

implement of farming in this country as it is in America and Canada. Another point that the trial will demonstrate is that, thanks mainly to recent war conditions,



A LIGHT CAR COMPLETE FOR 110 GUINEAS: THE NEW "SPEEDY." [Photograph by Campbell Grav.]

the British tractor has made great progress in design and in numbers of production, so that there is no longer need for the British agriculturist to go out of his own



AFTER THE INSPECTION OF A CHURCH LADS BRIGADE: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF PORTLAND AT WELBECK, WITH THEIR SIX-CYLINDER DAIMLER CAR.

country to secure a machine that will render him efficient service.

## A New Light Car.

The effort to produce a light, cheap car to compete with the imported product has been responsible for a great many new designs in the immediate past. The principal trouble that has to be encountered nowadays is that of cost. Even though the American vehicle is handicapped by heavy import duty, an adverse exchange, and high freight charges, it is nevertheless a regrettable fact that it can still be sold in this country at substantially less than the British car. I was last week shown a new light car in which a sincere effort had been made to combine efficiency with low production costs, and I must say the attempt has very largely succeeded. The car is known as the "Speedy," and in appearance is quite a taking little vehicle. It is driven by a twin-cylinder J.A.P. air-cooled engine, has a gear-box affording two forward and one reverse speeds, and a chain-drive to a counter-shaft, whence power transmission is by two "V" belts to the rear wheels. There is no differential, its place being taken by free-wheel clutches. Complete with electric-lighting set and all ready for the road, this little car is listed at the very moderate price—especially in these days of inordinately high prices—of 110 guineas. It is quite a fast little vehicle, and seems to hold the road well when travelling at speed. To the owner-driver who desires something more ambitious, and, withal, more comfortable than the motor-cycle combination, the little "Speedy" should make a strong appeal. I certainly wish success to its makers, if only for the reason that it appeals to me as a worthy attempt to give the small car public a reliable little vehicle at a moderate price.

Items of Interest. At the Annual General Meeting of the Victor Tyre Co., Ltd., the shareholders and directors unanimously resolved to present Lady W. Yarworth and Sir W. Yarworth Jones with gold plate to the value of some hundreds of pounds, in recognition of the masterly manner in which Sir Yarworth has engineered the company to success, and also to celebrate the honour of the Knighthood conferred upon him, which, to quote the telegram received from Lord Inverforth, was for "great services rendered to your country." — W. W.

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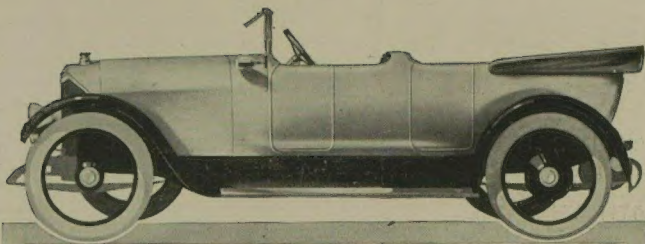
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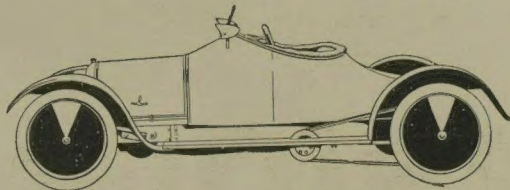
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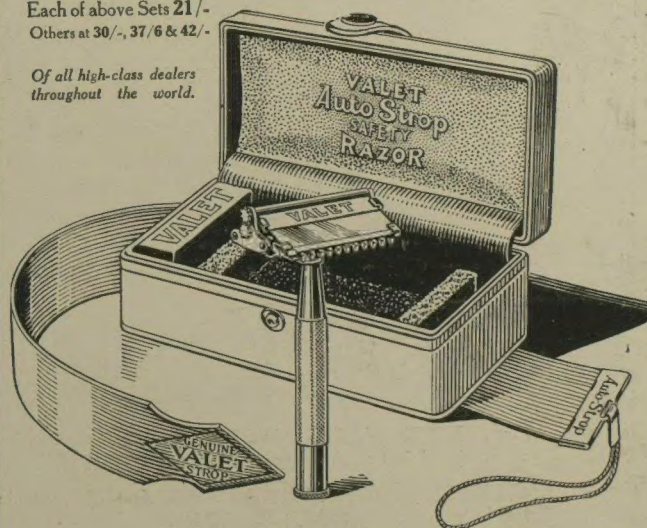
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